

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 40.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

A VISION.

After having performed the laborious duties of the day, I gladly retired to rest. Scarce was I wrapt in the arms of sweet Morpheus, when I imagined myself to be transported to a palace, which was, in every part, arrayed in the greatest splendor. The edifice was built in the Gothic style; its stately appearance and its magnificent architecture indicated that its inhabitants were of a noble extraction. A spacious court-yard occupied the front of the palace, while a beautiful garden, which was filled with flowers of all kinds, surrounded its other sides. The whole presented to the view a neatness not to be surpassed. Upon entering this splendid habitation, I was conducted, by a servant in livery, to a magnificent anti-chamber, whose sides were lined with the beauty of the female sex. When I was seated, I cast my eyes around on the vast concourse, and could not but admire the jovial appearance of the numerous visitors. While looking around, I fortunately cast my eyes upon a young lady, whose appearance was far more prepossessing than any one in the whole assembly. Her form was delicate, and more beautiful than any I had ever seen. Her hair was of a beautiful black, and her azure eyes shone with an uncommon lustre. Never was there a countenance more expressive than hers; and I could not sit easy until I could be introduced to her. Luckily, my friend, who accompanied me thither, introduced me, and I accordingly seated myself near her. Her manner and conversation fully equalled my utmost expectations, and we passed the evening in mirth and joy.

Happening to be a single gentleman, and thinking that a good opportunity offered itself to me, I made some enquiry respecting her family, *et cetera*. My friend informed me that she was from a family of high standing; and, also, that her parents were very wealthy. The latter circumstance always happens to come in play, in such cases—and I concluded to

try my luck. After frequent visits, I finally "popt the question," as the saying is, which was received with pleasure, both by herself and her parents.

A day was appointed for celebrating the nuptials, and all hands were busy in making the necessary preparations. After all things were prepared, the time at length arrived. On this happy occasion, she appeared more beautiful than ever; and if I ever felt happy, it was at this interesting time.

But all is not told: Just as we were to make that solemn promise, "that nought but death should separate us," I heard, an awful noise! It was louder than thunder! It seemed that the awful day of retribution was nigh at hand. It said unto me, "Come to breakfast!" I started from my reverie, and beheld my servant standing by my bed-side, who politely told me that breakfast was waiting!

Alas! it was but a dream—and I sighed to think that it was all illusion.

GAMMA.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

It was at the close of one of those delightful days in summer, when an Italian sky exhibits all the varied tints of the rain-bow, and the sportive zephyr, as it sighed along the smooth surface of the listening Adriatic, bearing its salubrious sweets to the surrounding villages and corn fields, that Amelia seated herself at the foot of a majestic oak. The spot was sacred to early joy, when she had listened to the enraptured Edgar, as he breathed into her ears the tender and sublime feelings of his soul; painting the future anticipations of his hopes in colors as beautiful as those which then varied the heaven above her.—A book, one which Edgar had given her, lay open in her lap; a little dog, all that remained of her patrimonial and household possession, had placed himself at her feet. Her luxuriant and uncontrolled tresses waved in darkened undulations upon the wind, while her pale cheek, resting on her hand, received a faint loan of lustre from the light beams of the declining sun, which stole through the opening boughs above her, as if fearful to disturb the sweet repose into which she had fallen.

In the recumbency of her posture, might a Kauffman have stolen a chaster idea of attitude; a Zeuxis, (had she lived in the age of Grecian glory,) partially those proportions of figure which the united beauty of Aggregetum could barely supply.

There was ever present in her face an interest of expression which no circumstance could materially change. The lip that quivered in agony, had a thousand loves and graces playing around it. The brow which lowered in thought, partook of the rich shadows of an Autumn's evening, whilst yet the last blushings of Phoebus is seen to radiate the mountain's top.

Yet, her sleep, which, from the serenity of her countenance, might be taken for the repose of those who, having rested from their hallelujah, commune

in silence with their God, ere long was filled with pangs, unknown to her before.

She dreamed, and beheld in her dream, Edgar, in a remote country, happy, and leading a blooming virgin to the altar. She saw him twine his arms around the neck of a mistress; she saw him press, with his, the lips of a rival, and declare, in raptures fond, he never knew love's delicious throb till then.

The agony was too oppressive to be endured long; and, in a paroxysm of horror, she awoke. The form of a man now broke upon her sight, well calculated to contrast the images of her vision, and commanded her immediate attention, clad in the habiliments of a wandering Minstrel, save with the exception of a hat that flapped before so as almost to conceal his face, he stood before her leaning on his harp. A pause of some moments succeeded, in which the stranger, as he fixed an intent gaze upon the maiden, appeared to be possessed of some mighty emotion; nor less was that of feeling, which his appearance and manner had created in Amelia.

She became confused—she doubted whether to speak or to fly. But, what was she to say? Why should she fly? It was charitable to enquire if he suffered for assistance; and to leave him under the appearance of distrust, might wound his better honesty, and add another woe to the number which he already appeared too impotent to support. Ever decisive, however, when necessity required it, she came at once to the determination of addressing him:—"Was he needy? Could she be permitted to alleviate his sufferings? Who was he?" she enquired.

"Lady, (he replied,) I am a wandering Minstrel, poor and miserable. I was once happy, and in riches, the first of fortune's favorites; but she deserted me, as others did, and I was left abandoned to despair! and the treachery——"

The sentence died, unfinished, on his lips; an agony of soul shook his frame! He dropped his head upon his breast, and trilled with spasmodic fingers over the strings of his lyre. The note was interrupted, yet melancholy and affecting. Amelia drew near. There was something in his voice which awakened her remembrance—something in the figure, of grace and manliness, which could not be disguised by his dress, which now appeared familiar to her eyes. She hesitated—doubted—her heart became faint, and she again seated herself in the place from whence she had risen.

"Where reside your friends, Minstrel? (she continued;) whither do your footsteps wander?"

"Here, lady, lived, once, all that rendered life desirable. Here were my friends; here my spacious domain—but I am now poor, feverish and forgotten! I shall wander no further, lady. Here will I die!—The spot that first beheld me the happiest of the happy, shall receive the remains of the most wretched of the wretched!"

"Have you no hopes of meeting your friends?"

Will they not comfort thee in thy afflictions?" enquired the agitated Amelia.

He spoke not; but bending to his instrument, sent from its mellow strings a strain, which struck upon her heart like the voice of heaven! It was an air that Edgar was wont to play to her in the gay hours of their prosperity, and while seated beside her, under the shade of the very oak at whose base she then reclined.

"Minstrel!—Stranger!—(faintly articulated the maiden, as she tottered towards him,) who art thou?"

He ceased; and, removing his hat, for the first time, the full expression of his face met the eye of Amelia. A shriek of delicious accent spoke to the wanderer's ears a confirmation of his wishes, stronger than words. His instrument dropped from his hands—he felt the virgin on his bosom—he folded his arms around her, and caught her warm sighs upon his lips. The stranger was Edgar!

FROM THE AMERICAN SENTINEL.

THE MORALIST.

"I intend to make that girl the pride of the village," said my uncle, as Maria walked out into the flower garden, to direct the servant about the location of a choice rose bush, which she had taken great pains to obtain. "She is the loveliest and most affectionate child heaven has seen fit to give me. Ah, (continued he,) she is the joy of my old age, the sweet consoler of my declining years; may the Father of mercies bless her, and make her happiness commensurate with her goodness."

The enthusiastic ardor with which he spoke, induced me, involuntarily, to look him in the face.—His countenance betrayed an unusual excitement of feeling; and the deep flush of youth suddenly came over his features, now pale and wrinkled by the innovations of time. I saw tears stealing from his eyes, and rolling down his venerable cheeks; they were the overflowings of a parent's heart, swelling with affection towards a dutiful daughter. Surely, tho't I, as we left the garden and entered the old family mansion, the Irish Bard knew something about the passions of the human soul, when he said—

"There's bliss in tears."

My uncle had six children, all of whom were daughters; and Maria, now in her 18th year, was the youngest of them. She was left alone with her father; her mother, whom he passionately loved, having died of a consumption, during her infancy, and the rest of the family having married and moved out of the place. Maria was beautiful and accomplished; modest in her deportment, easy in her manners, winning in her addresses, and pleasing in her conversation. No wonder the old gentleman doated in owning such a daughter. We were but barely seated in the best keeping-room, before she came tripping through the aisle which separated the apartments, and approaching us, in an instant seized my hand, giving it a compression which seemed to breathe the silent but impressive salutation of a hearty welcome.

"Dear cousin, I am glad you have come to see us; it is so agreeable to receive company, and those we love, too; O, there is nothing like it. Henry, I have a good mind to say you shall never see Maria

again, if you stay away so long. I have written you letter after letter, without receiving a single answer; and a whole year is gone in this way; and I know the reason of it—Julia engrosses all your attention. Every duty you owe to your friends must be given up for Julia. I dare say she is a degree above perfection, or she would not so completely dazzle the eyes of my cousin."

"Excellent, Maria; a fine sally of wit to be played off upon a poor fellow, after he has taken all this pains to visit you. Just look me full in the face, and tell me what you think of Charles; don't you begin to imagine him "quite the thing?" How many gallons of tears do you suppose you would shed, if he should take it into his noddle to drown himself, and never kiss you again?"

"More, cousin Henry, than you would ever find time to measure, so long as Julia lives. I declare I would shut myself up in a tight room, and weep till I drowned myself, too: so now you may stop your joking, and let us go and see the nosegay he bro't me last evening."

The old gentleman laughed at her good nature, called her his cherub, and said, if Charles ever gave her another, he would present the audacious fellow with a nosegay of *his own* culling; he would give him his daughter, and see if that would not chastise him for his impertinence.

Maria and I were old friends, we were warm friends. Our intimacy began in childhood, when the soul first learns to cherish tender emotions; nor was it ever broken to the day of her death.

As I mounted my charger, on the following morning, to bid farewell to the sacred spot, doubly dear to me on account of its inhabitants, and the youthful scenes connected with it, a deep melancholy came over me. I extended the parting hand, but it was with a heavy heart. The beautiful stanza of a sentimental poet suddenly flashed upon my recollection; and, as I slowly moved out of the village, before I was aware, I found myself audibly repeating it. The words were these:

*"I know not why—my soul felt sad—
I touch'd my lute—it would not waken,
Save to old songs of sorrowing,
Of hopes betray'd, of hearts forsaken.
Each lay of lighter feeling slept:
I sang, but, as I sang, I wept."*

I never saw Maria again, till I beheld her bending, in a suppliant attitude, over the grave of her father. Seven years were gone, since we had met to greet each other with smiles of friendship, such as flow from hearts melted to sympathy by the same warmth of tender sensibility. It was at the hour when "twilight's pale shadows came on," that I was passing by the grave-yard, situated in an elevated spot, a little out of the village of W—. All was still; and night was silently spreading her dark veil over the face of nature. It was a moment for reflection. I dropped the reins of the bridle upon Cæsar's neck, and sitting leisurely in my saddle, began to anticipate the pleasure I was about to feel, in the hospitable reception Charles and my sweet cousin would give me.—I knew my uncle had been dead some time, and thought I knew, also, that Maria had fortitude sufficient to bear up under this heavy dispensation of

Providence. A heavy dispensation it was, indeed, to her; for she had lost her only real friend—her father. He was, thought I, the fountain of happiness to his daughter, whence issued streams of joy that gladdened her soul, and now its waters are dried up, who shall be able to replenish and swell it to its pristine magnitude? Heaven forbid that Cæsar and I should journey so near his tomb, without turning aside to spend a few moments in breathing forth a devotional prayer over the relics of departed worth. Ye selfish and cold-hearted, say, was it insanity of mind which led me to rein my horse up to the post at the gate of the grave-yard, and go in search of the monument of my uncle? or was it the generous impulse of friendship, gratitude and love? I had not proceeded far up the avenue, which leads to the spot where his sacred remains are deposited, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a human voice, breaking forth in short and incoherent lamentations. As I came nearer, the voice of the mourner grew more audible, and the articulation more distinct.

"Dear departed spirit! wake! O! awake from your slumber, and behold the wretchedness of your daughter. Speak peace to her agonized soul, for her afflictions are many and grievous. Wake! O! awake—remove the cold clods that lie heaped upon your narrow house, (for I doubt not thou hast power to do it,) and let Maria sleep in the same grave with her father. We will rest together; nor shall any thing again disturb us, till the trump of God sounds from his holy mount, and proclaiming to the world the great resurrection."

As she uttered these words, she reclined her head upon his monument, and wept aloud. To me, it was a scene of bitterness and agony, such as I had never witnessed before; and when I contrasted her present condition with what it once was, my poor heart ached for her.

"O! (cried I,) can this be the elegant, the accomplished, the gay Maria?" She raised her head, and looked me in the face: "Cousin," she faintly articulated, and swooned in my arms. There is a point in human suffering, beyond which we are incapable of enduring. All the powers of mind and body are changed in an instant from the highest feeling and action, to extreme morbidness and inactivity. It was so with Maria. All the affections of her soul had been poured forth in humble supplication to the manes of her father. She fancied she had not a friend in the world; and that peace to her wearied spirits could be found only in the tomb.

When she had recovered a little from her agitation and surprise, I called my servant, who stood some distance from us, and bade him not forget to lead Cæsar with him when he started for the village; for Maria and myself would walk. On our way we entered into a long conversation concerning many of the troubles and disappointments we had been called to endure since we were last together. But not a word was uttered about Charles—her husband.—The reason of this I could not imagine; for I knew that she was once very fond of his company, and loved to talk of him in his absence. It was very evident, from her whole appearance, that she had met with keen trials from some other source besides her

father's death : but I forbore to question her on a subject so delicate and so closely connected with her sensibility.

We had now arrived at the place of her residence, which was a little low hut, at the foot of a hill, with but two windows and a door in front, together with a small hovel, standing directly in the rear of the building. No wonder, thought I, as we entered the house, that there is so great a change in Maria's appearance ; for the disparity in this particular is not half so perceptible, as the inequality of her present condition, when compared with what it was in her youth. Charles was sitting in his great chair before the fire.

"Well, (said he,) old Deborah, you have finally waddled home again, just as you always do, with a man at your heels. You'll find more beaus in the grave-yard than other women would every where else, if they should travel the world over. Have you shook hands with your daddy's ghost *this time* ? If I was you, I would not be seen sniveling over his grave again without the jackknives would take more notice of me. I was going by his monument the other day, and the old fool began to snore.—None of your impudence to me, you impertinent slut. You feel mighty big to think they got your crazy carcass away from me before Dr. Goodenough came with his dissecting instruments. But you are not beyond the reach of my spade yet, you old curse ; so, mind your sauce, or before to-morrow morning I'll have your lousy skull for a punch bowl—hang me if I don't."

Maria was in tears—it seemed as though her heart-strings were breaking. Her little ones came running to her and crying for bread : "Mama, do give us some supper ; we have not tasted of any thing since morning, and then papa ate almost the whole himself." Little William approached me, and seizing hold of my knees, "Sir, (said he, in his broken manner,) please give me a crust of bread ; I am hungry ; mama is sick ; see how pale she looks ; I am sick ; we are all sick ; and papa is drunk."

I never shall forget the melancholy picture I then beheld : a large family plunged from the richest affluence to extreme poverty, in the short space of 7 years, by the beastly intemperance of one man. If ever I invoked curses upon the drunkard, it was then ; and if ever I had a realizing sense of the bitterness of misery, it was there in that small hut. Well, thought I, might Goldsmith say—

*"And what is friendship, but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?"*

I took care to provide for Maria and her children, before I left the village—and offered to receive her at my house, where, if she chose, she might spend the rest of her days. She thanked me, but replied, she could never think of leaving Charles, and her native place. "Though he abuses me, (said she,) I forgive him. I loved him, once, cousin, you know I did ; and I love him still. The sound of his voice is pleasant to me as it ever was ; and I can now and then catch a glimpse of that affection which once prompted him to lay his fortune at my feet. I never can leave him. In prosperity or adversity I will be

his companion. When he is sick, I will watch over his pillow, and bathe his feverish temples ; nor will I shrink from my duty towards him, as a wife, until death parts us forever."

When I left the place, I requested her to write me a letter soon ; and she promised she would. Not many weeks afterwards I received one, but not from her : it was from a friend of hers, who forwarded me the sad intelligence of her death ! She died with entire resignation to her fate, and spent her last breath in prayer for her husband and children.

Will not that prayer be heard, and will it not plead in favor of the broken-hearted intercessor ?—Yes—he who makes the minutest subject of creation the object of his notice, by whom even the hairs of our heads are numbered, and who does all things for his own glory and the good of his creatures, will remember her orphans. They shall live to inherit the virtues and lisp the praises of their mother. Unfortunate Maria ! thou hast fallen a prey to grief, in consequence of thy husband's intemperance ; but thou art gone to rest, and never again shalt hear his harsh voice upbraiding thee. Here, thou didst become the victim of despair ; but, in yonder heaven, thou shalt be made joyful. Here, thou wast doomed to sorrow and wailing ; but, there, thou shalt join the countless throngs, that walk the golden streets of the New-Jerusalem, and raise thy feeble hallelujah to the king of glory, forever and ever. W.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

LETHE.

The shadows of evening had length'ned around,
And cast a deep gloom o'er the landscape of green ;
While memory, ever delighting to wound,
Gave effect to the mantle that shrouded the scene.

As I sat on the brow of the moss cover'd mountain,
And silently gaz'd on the waters beneath,
I sigh'd to reflect that the generous fountain
Contain'd not the virtues of classical Lethe.

The heart that for friendship or love is exerted,
Sees nothing in life worth its toil or its care ;
When fortune abandons, and friends have deserted,
And leave us to mourn in the gloom of despair.

For vain the effect then, of truth or of time,
In vain are the hopes or the wishes we breathe,
We sigh to reflect that in whatever clime,
We are still doom'd to pine for the waters of Lethe.

When I dwell on my earlier days that are gone,
On the friends of my youth, who have drunk of the
stream,

It is painful to think that alone and forlorn,
I am left to lament o'er the flattering dream.

But far from my heart to repine or condemn—
The Lethean fount is spontaneous and free :
Yet I sigh to reflect, while oblivious to them,
The effect of its waters is lost upon me.

Oh ! where shall the heart that's forsaken repose,
When fate has condemn'd it in *silence* to mourn ;
And all its affections are centered in those,
Whom error has taught to condemn in return ?

Let it seek the lone rock where the wild waters roar,
And deep in the bosom of ocean beneath—
Let the dark rolling billows envelope it o'er,
Ah ! *this* would, indeed, be the *water of Lethe*.

SEMPRONIUS.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

The enclosed piece of selected Poetry I think is very appropriate for your little paper ; by giving it an insertion you will oblige

A Friend to the Ladies.

WOMEN.

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops, whose lustre illumines the thorn ;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam of your eye lights up peace in the breast.

And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart :
'Tis her's o'er the couch of affliction to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend ;

And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest ;
And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Macey—

The enclosed lines, entitled "Sabbath Morning," though culled from an old newspaper, I think not altogether inapplicable to the present state of society. If, upon perusal, you should deem it proper to insert the same in your little paper, you would thereby confer a favor on your friend and one of your subscribers.

HENRICUS.

April 24, 1826.

SABBATH MORNING.

How few of all this hurrying crowd,
Who press to reach the house of prayer ;
Who seek the temple of their God ;
Seek him whose spirit hovers there.

See yon demure and pious maid,
She surely shews devotion true ;
In robes of purity array'd—
Her bonnet, not her heart, is new.

To yonder heaving bosom turn,
Which swells with pious rapture high ;

With sacred zeal her heart must burn—
Ah! trace the coquette's glancing eye.

That grave and stately sage, indeed,
His thoughts must be on heaven, intent;
But heaven, perhaps, in him may read,
A pondering wish for *cent. per cent.*

With nimble steps and eager haste,
That pious youth with pleasure view,
Who fears a single moment's waste—
His footsteps, yonder fair, pursue.

Yet who shall dare presume to raise
A din of censure, better grudg'd:
Take, then, the moral of my lays—
And judge not, that ye be not judg'd.

LIPS AND EYES, OR SMILES AND TEARS.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, the Lips or Eyes?
"We, (said the Eyes,) send forth those pointed
darts,
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."

"From us, (replied the Lips,) proceed those biases,
Which lovers reap by sweet words and by kisses.
Then wept the Eyes, and from their looks did pour
Of liquid pearls a soul-subduing shower.

At which the Lips moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly
treasure,
And bid Love judge which now should add more
grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls, to Celia's face."

[INSERTED BY REQUEST.] THE GRAVE OF CRAZY JANE. BY THE LATE JOHN FINLAY.

Peaceful is the grave of lovers,
When from all their cares they sleep,
Soft the turf their bosom covers,
And their eyes have ceas'd to weep.

In this valley, silent wandering,
Oft I mark, at dewy e'en,
Through the shade of twilight gathering,
The lone grave of Crazy Jane.

Oft I heard the voice of anguish
Stealing down yon hawthorn glade,
And I mark'd the soft eyes languish
Of a poor and hapless maid.

Still my heart, with pity bleeding,
Listen'd to the melting strain;
Oh! the canker, grief, was feeding
On the cheek of Crazy Jane.

Now her heart has still'd its motion,
Every pang has pass'd away,
Now forsaking life's wild ocean,
Cold she mingles with the clay.

When the sun of silent evening
Tinges all the western main,
Then its radiance wild declining,
Gilds the grave of Crazy Jane.

Mark the spot, where, silent, yonder,
Shakes the leafless hawthorn tree;
Oft she'd wander there, and ponder,
Weeping o'er life's stormy sea.

There, when morning frost, advancing,
Crisps with ice the sleeping wave,
See the read-breast softly chanting
O'er her bare and lonely grave.

If thou, red-breast, knew'st her sorrow,
Softer would thy wild note flow;
Thou her plaintive voice would borrow,
Sweetly warbling strains of woe.

Yet, when summer's suns are beaming
And the winds have ceas'd to rave,
Faithless to the woods retiring,
Thou forsak'st her lonely grave.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1826.

AN ANCIENT SCHOOL-MASTER.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts Spy states, that a man now resides in North Brookfield, who has taught school so long, that some of his present scholars are the grand-children of some of his former ones.

AN OBSTINATE OLD FELLOW.

During the late freshet at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, two courageous old women ducked a man, in the river, for whipping his wife. They had to plunge him under three times before he would promise to behave better.

FOURTH OF JULY.

We are gratified to learn, that the Hon. Wm. Hunter has obligingly yielded to the solicitations of the Committee of Arrangements, and the general wish of the citizens of Providence, and consented to pronounce an Oration on the fourth of July next.

SYMME'S NEW WORLD.

Mr. Randolph says he cannot find out whether the earth is hollow at the South Pole as well as at the North pole. Upon the whole, Mr. R. says he will trouble himself very little about the question, for he is determined not to go into the earth as long as he can keep above ground.

A MAN OF A FAMILY.

A man was brought to the Police Office, in New-York, a few days since, to give bail for a friend for some trifling matter. On being asked the ordinary question, by the Magistrate, "Are you a man of a family?" he replied, "I guess you'd think so, if you'd go home with me. I am living with my second wife, and have nineteen children!"

APRIL FOOL.

Large numbers of citizens assembled on the levee, at New-Orleans, early on the morning of the first of April, to witness the race between the Steam-Boats Hercules and Post Boy, of which previous notice had been given. Late in the afternoon they had the sat-

isfaction of retiring, with the reflection, that an April fool hoax had been played off upon them.

LITERARY CADET,

AND SATURDAY EVENING BULLETIN.

The first number of a weekly paper, bearing the above title, was issued from the office of Messrs. Smith & Parmenter, in this town, on Saturday last, which bears evident marks of ingenuity and industry, and it is hoped that its success may be commensurate with the abilities of its conductors, and the resources of a rising community.

SUPERFINE LANGUAGE.

Mr. Randolph says it has got to that, that legislative speakers are expected to use *superfine* language, fit only for accomplished ladies at female seminaries. For his part, he will stick to the good old, strong, rough, racy, manly English language—call spades, spades; call corruption, corruption, and every thing else by its right name.



MARRIED,

In South-Kingstown, Mr. Wager Hull, of this town, to Miss Sarah C. Congdon.

In Attleborough, by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Scott Smith, of this town, to Miss Rachel Martin, of the former place.

In Hampton, Vir. by the Rev. Richard Gilliam, Captain Richard Whitfield, aged *twenty-one years*, to Miss Mary Almand, aged *ninety-five years*.



DIED,

In this town, 20th instant, Benjamin Rice, son of Mr. Benjamin Burrows, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 20th instant, Elizabeth Martin, only daughter of Mr. James Arnold, aged 3 years.

Same day, Mrs. Esther S. Tuttle, wife of Col. Job N. Tuttle, and daughter of the late Mr. Linburn Blake, of Rochester, N. H. aged 25.

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Julia Clark, wife of Mr. Sterry Clark, in the 27th year of her age.

In Centerville, Warwick, on the 17th instant, Mr. Sheldon Burton, aged 27.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.